Then fierie expedition be my wings,
Ioue, Mercurie and Herald for a king.
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be briefe, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margaret ſola.

Q. Mar. So now proſperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe confines ſlilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am I witneſſe too,
And will to France, hoping the conſequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wtcrched Margaret, who comes here.

Enter the Queene, and the Dutcheſſe of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing ſweets,
If yet your gentle ſoules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your aierie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, ſay that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.
Qu. Wilt thou O God, flie from ſuch gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the wolfe:
When didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deed was done?
Qu. Mar. When holy *Mary*, dide, and my ſweet ſonne.
Dutch. Blind ſight, dead life, poore mortall liuing ghoſt,
Woes ſceane, worlds ſhame, graues due by life vſurpt,
Reſt they vnreſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocents blood.
Qu. O that thou wouldſt as well affoord a graue,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholy ſeate,
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here:
O who hath any cauſe to mourne but I?

Dut.

Line 1. wing. 2 Jove's. 26 Harry
29 thy.